# Reminiscences of Famous Sitters by W. E. Marshall, the Portrait Painter and Engraver :: :: ::

William Edgar Marshall, the portrait painter and engraver, who has been reproducing the features of famous Americans for forty years and whose portraits of Lincoln and Grant and Longfellow especially are known from one end of the country to the other, works to-day in the same studio where he worked thirty years ago. But tall buildings have risen around it. He complains that he lives deep down in a pocket and there is good light for only a couple of hours a day.

The place is crowded with pictures and art objects. One picture of colossal size is a head of Christ, which Mr. Marshall afterward reproduced in a smaller engraving. In this studio Mr. Marshall received a woman interviewer, and as he sat in a large rocking chair, with a scrapbook on his knee, he spoke about the people whose portraits he had made.

In the scrapbook was a little old engraving of Daniel Webster.

"I saw him once," Mr. Marshall said. "He was making a speech on the steps of the Astor House. I remember how he looked.

"He was a bilious man, with a sallow complexion. He had white hair then. He wore a blue coat with brass buttons and a yellow vest.

"He was considered very stylish, I believe. I heard some one back of me say: 'How splendid he looks.'

"I made the engraving from this memory of him and photographs. It is the best picture of him there is. I didn't care much to have people sit for me then, unless they could sit regularly without interruption.

"I preferred to paint mostly from memory. You see my portrait of Senator Hanna there? I almost finished that before he sat for me. One of the finest men in the world, Senator Hanna was. I was exceedingly fond of him."

He turned the page to an invitation to a dinner given to Charles Dickens at Delmonico's. It was dated April 18, 1868.

"That was the old Delmonico's," he explained, "at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street. Fine dinner it was. Horace Greeley was there. George William Curtis was there, too. You see a picture of him back of Hanna's portrait. One of the most brilliant talkers of that time.

"And here is a picture of Hawthorne with two of my publishers, Fields and Ticknor. I knew Hawthorne. I made the mistake of my life in not painting him. My publishers said so when I came back from Europe after he died. He had made arrangements to sit for me.

"A profound man he was, gentle, said little; most charming, though. He was like Longfellow in that respect. Longfellow was a poor sitter. I was a long time painting his portrait.

"He was not much of a talker, but there was a fellow by the name of Green who was always with him; he talked enough for the two. One of the most entertaining men I ever knew, Green was. Talked all the time. Never gave Longfellow a chance to say anything."

He retreated to a dusky nook, searched about awhile, brought out his picture of Longfellow and set it prominently beneath the head of Christ.

"I got $10,000 for the engraving, but Barrie of Philadelphia, who was my publisher, borrowed the portrait and kept it twenty years. Only a few years ago


Capt. Nathan Appleton, brother-in-law of Longfellow, asked me what had become of the original.

"I then remembered that I had loaned it to Barrie. I wrote him for it and he sent it the next day. He had kept it so long, he said, that he thought it belonged to him. The Captain would like very much to have this portrait," he added, standing off and looking affectionately at it, "but I can't quite make up my mind to part with it.

"The way I happened to know all those charming people was through the engraving of my head of Washington. I engraved it from that of Gilbert Stuart at the Athenæum. That has the head only, you know. I had to put in the fine velvet coat and the rich collar—the background, also. His picture had no background.

"While I was there Poole, the librarian, a friend of mine, introduced me to everybody in Boston worth knowing. Did you ever see this engraving of Washington that I did?"

And he handed it to her. The woman didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. The work was exquisite, but the face looked as if it had been stepped on.

Mr. Marshall laughed gently as he watched the pained expression of her countenance.

"I am not responsible for the portrait from which it was engraved," said he. "They wanted it exactly like it. The painting was done by a German artist named Gulligher. It was ordered by the Massachusetts Historical Society. They got it!"

"If George knows anything about this," remarked the woman, handing it back to him, "I wonder he doesn't turn over in his grave."

Directly back of Mr. Marshall as he sat in the rocking chair was a Grant portrait.

"A quiet man he was," Mr. Marshall said when attention was drawn to it, "who never said anything if he could help it. A little, quiet, warm hearted man. You'd never think a man who could plan the killing of so many people could be warm hearted."

"A few among them were my ancestors," inserted the woman, who is a Southern woman. "But never mind that."

The artist smiled and continued:

"Once when I was at Washington painting his portrait, at headquarters—it was when he was Secretary of War—a woman came to him to beg the pardon of her son, who had deserted. The offence was inexcusable. The General couldn't grant the pardon.

"Well, instead of telling her brutally that he could do nothing for her, he quietly made his escape. He went out the back way and slipped through the fence where two boards were broken.

"I got to know Grant very well then. I spent a whole year in Washington at work on his portrait. He was the worst sitter I ever had. He would come in declaring he was ready to give me half an hour at least. Before he had been there five minutes some one would come after him.

"But I don't like to take a long time to paint a portrait. Now that picture of Henry Clapp I painted in an hour. You never heard of Clapp?

"He was the most noted bohemian in New York in 1860. Brilliant talker. A little coterie of his admirers collected every night for dinner in Pfaff's restaurant. The most distinguished people of the day gathered around Clapp. He was the chief of the bohemians."

A large portrait loomed from the corner next the door.

"Who is it?" asked the woman.

"Henry Ward Beecher. I painted him before and after the scandal."

"Were the two pictures very different?" asked the woman.

"Not so very. Exceedingly interesting man. Good sitter. Talked entertainingly all the while."

"Did you ever see Lincoln?"

"Oh, yes; many times. I made sketches for him at these times. He never sat for me. He was assassinated while I was in Europe. I came directly home and made the engraving of him which brought me so much money, and, also [modestly] considerable fame.

"I painted McKinley. I was at McKinley's house while I painted his portrait. He was a very pleasant man to be with—kindly, good man, but not the character that Lincoln was by any means.

"Now that I come to think of it, I believe I have painted all the Presidents from Washington down—either painted or engraved them."

He opened the scrapbook again and took out an engraving of Jefferson Davis.

"I engraved that for the Appletons," he said. "I took great pains with it, engraving a background with a tall tree in it. I thought the tree was fine.

"I took it to Mr. Appleton, who thought it was fine, too. All would have gone well, but they called in one of the employees, a fellow who had considerable influence with Mr. Appleton, to see it. The minute he saw it he said:

"'Why, that's the sour apple tree!'

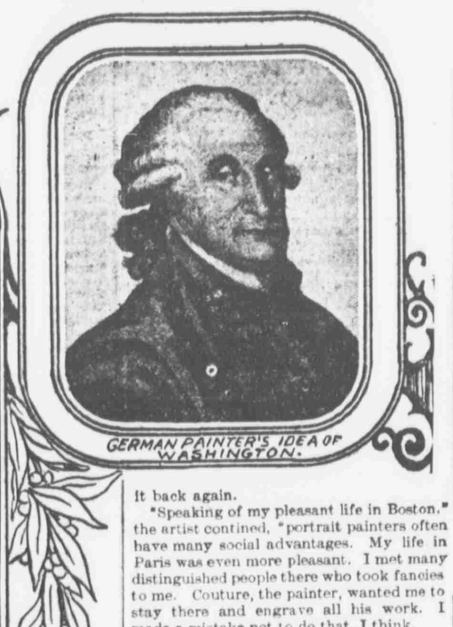
"Mr. Appleton straightened himself up and turned red in the face.

"'Why, Mr. Marshall!' he exclaimed.

"I was as innocent as you are. The idea of the sour apple tree had never once occurred to me. Do you know, they made me take out that whole beautiful background I made? Immense amount of work. Took all the beauty away from the face, but it had to be done.

"I was disgusted with the picture afterward. Lost all interest in it. Never could bear that employee afterward, either.

"Keep the picture. You need never bring it back again.




"Speaking of my pleasant life in Boston," the artist contined, "portrait painters often have many social advantages. My life in Paris was even more pleasant. I met many distinguished people there who took fancies to me. Couture, the painter, wanted me to stay there and engrave all his work. I made a mistake not to do that, I think.

"I danced with the Empress Eugénie while I was there and skated with her in the Bois de Boulogne. She was not a particularly good skater, but she skated well enough for an Empress. Napoleon III. was a very bad skater.

"Oh, yes, I enjoyed my life in Paris very much. They have my engravings there in the Beaux Arts as examples for the students. They were exceedingly kind to me there."

And he rocked some more, smilingly remembering those pleasant days.

An engraving of the Crucifixion caught the woman's eye. She referred to it.

"Yes, good picture," assented the artist. "I thought I was to make a picture of that the length of a church—yards of picture; but nothing ever came of it.

"I submitted the idea to Father Hecker of the Paulist Church at Fifty-ninth street. He told me to make the engraving. I did so. He called all his priests together and rejected it. They wanted more blood and thunder to it.

"They wanted corpses and skeletons rising from their graves, terrible looking things, to frighten the people, I suppose. I made people more resembling angels, though Beecher said that angels didn't rise from graves. They were a separate crowd by themselves, a race of beings, if you could call them beings, who never inhabited the earth and never would.

"He didn't believe we would get to be angels after we shuffled off this mortal coil. I don't know how that is. He knows by this time, I s ppose. A good many people I used to know, know by this time," he added, with a touch of sadness.

A portrait of Sherman stood by, stern, grim, upright, splendid in epaulet and, uniform.

"A strange fellow," began the painter reminiscently. "The strangest fellow in the world. You never knew how to take him.

"Steve Elkins—he wasn't Senator then, only bank president—gave me an order to paint Sherman's portrait. I went up to his home in Forty-eighth street. This was nearly twenty years ago, when Forty-eighth street was a long way uptown.

"I was invited in and Sherman came striding into the room toward me. I disclosed my errand.

"'I'll be blankety blank blanked,' he said, 'if I'll sit for my portrait to any artist. You can tell Elkins that from me, blankety, blank blank!'

"I was a trifle startled.

"'Of course, Mr. Sherman,' I said, 'if you don't want to sit for your portrait, we won't force you to. I have done what Mr. Elkins asked me to do. That is all.'

"'Anyway,' said Sherman, more leniently, 'sit down.'

"We sat down awhile and talked of the weather. Then he showed me through the rooms very politely, introducing m to his daughter, a charming young woman. He showed me a portrait of himself in the library. It was done by Healy. It was an atrocious thing.

"He showed me, too, a picture of a battle. It was the battle of Shiloh. It looked about as much like a battle as I did, but it served very well as a map. He pointed out different parts of the battlefield in an excited way.

"'This is where Grant was,' he said, 'and this is where I was.'

"Then he turned to me suddenly.

"'I tell you, Marshall,' he stormed, 'war is hell!'

"Before I left the house I took his daughter aside.

"'Induce your father to sit for me,' I implored. 'It would be a shame to allow such portraits as have been made of him to descend to posterity.'

"She promised me she wou'd.

"It was evident, however, that she had little influence with her father. In the course of time I concluded that I would ask Sherman for his uniform and sword and take the face from photographs. A poor thing it would be, possibly, but better than nothing.


"I called once more and asked him for his uniform and sword.

"'No,' he raved, 'I'll be blankety-blank blanked'—it was terrible the way Sherman swore; any one who knew him could tell you that—'if I'll lend my uniform and sword to any artist.'

"After that I gave it up. There was nothing else for it.

"Then in a couple of months there came a knock at my door. What was my amazement upon opening it to find Sherman, standing uniformed, with buckled sword, on my threshold.

"'I suppose you'll think I'm a blankety blanked old fool,' he said humbly, 'but I've come to sit for my portrait.'"

"Perhaps the charming daughter had something to do with it," suggested the woman.

"Perhaps she had," assented the portrait painter.

# Traits of the Late Senator Hawley

## A Puritan Who Was Tender Hearted in Spite of a Somewhat Brusque Manner

Hartford, Conn., April 1.—Here in his home city of Hartford, the late Gen. Joseph R. Hawley was always known as Honest Joe Hawley. The qualities that gained him the nickname were exhibited at the time of his election to the Senate in January, 1899.

After he had succeeded in winning another term in spite of the strong fight made for the place by ex-Gov. Morgan G. Bulkeley, now his successor, and Samuel Fessenden, an old friend met him on the street.

"Well, General," the friend said, "I congratulate you on your splendid success, but you must have had to spend a lot of money to down those two opponents."

"Your're right," replied the old soldier.

"I knew it," confidently responded the other. "It takes money to land in a fight like that."

"Yes, sir," rejoined the United States Senator as he quietly chuckled to himself, "I expended pretty near $3 in the fight."

Shortly afterward he went before a Justice in Washington and made affidavit to the following statement of campaign expenses:

Amount of disbursements—nothing.
Amount of expenses—nothing.
[Postage not to exceed $3.]
Amount of contributions—nothing.
I designated no person to act as my political agent. Joseph R. Hawley.

Friends afterward used to tell him that he was the cheapest Senator in Washington.

His earnestness was a striking characteristic of his work in Washington and here. It made little difference whether the fight was a local one over a city ordinance or a national bill before the Senate, if he was in the fight at all he was in earnest about it. His eloquence was in part due to his firm conviction that he stood on the only right side of the question and to his thorough preparation to meet every possible argument that any adversary could trump up.

Of the old Puritanical school, he was as strongly opposed to the desecration of the Sabbath as he was to the liberation of criminals through mock sentiment. When railroad officials and others attempted to have the Centennial of 1876 open on Sunday his voice was one of the loudest heard from New England in indignant protest.

"The Sabbath is an American institution; we're proud of it," he would exclaim on all occasions. "Besides, there are too many people who have to work six days a week at the exposition to add an additional day of hardship," and no amount of persuasion could turn him in his conviction.

A story is told concerning him and his close friend and companion the late Charles Dudley Warner. At a meeting of the Prison Association of the State, with which both were identified, the question came up as to what measures should be urged for the betterment of the State's charges.

Mr. Warner, after laying out his plan, suggested that it was not the State's office to punish people; that belonged to the Creator; but the State should concern itself only with the protection of its citizens against criminals and plans for the improvement morally of its charges.

Senator Hawley did not relish the idea, and finally asked Mr. Warner if the Bible didn't say something about the wrath of God. When informed also that the Scriptures particularly specified that God was love, Senator Hawley quickly replied:

"Well, God is love, I know; but I don't believe the Scriptures say he is slobber and mush."

Some time later when an old time associate who had been convicted of misappropriation of funds had served part of his sentence in State prison, an effort was made to pardon him through the intervention of influential friends. Senator Hawley, as a former friend of the convict, was urged to exert his influence in his behalf; but he refused to enter into any project to mitigate the punishment that he thought was deserved, although he admitted feeling very strongly for his friend in his trouble.

Combined with a very tender heart and a generous disposition Senator Hawley had a brusqueness of manner that caused him to be frequently misunderstood. A man who wanted his aid in obtaining an office once brought him letters of introduction from several close friends and told him as he displayed a voluminous correspondence that he had A1 credentials. Just scanning through a few of the latter Gen. Hawley looked up suddenly and exclaimed:

"Humph! You've got plenty of credentials; got any principles?"

Yet when a war comrade, rough and uncouth, saw his old General sitting on a reviewing stand and in passing stretched up his hand and grabbing that of Gen. Hawley drew it down to his lips and dropped a tear on it, without a word, as he kissed it, the act so moved the Senator-soldier that the tears coursed down his cheeks and he could barely restrain his sobs.

His army connections formed some of the pleasantest associations of his life, and he was especially fond of relating stories of the war.

Although he was far better known as an orator dealing with public questions he was also an after dinner speaker frequently sought after. One of his favorite stories that he used to tell at these gatherings related to one of his visits to the South.

He was waiting in a train at a junction at noon when he noticed a colored waiter passing the car carrying aloft a tray of fried chicken. Beckoning the waiter to him he inquired before purchasing where the man got the chicken.

The darky hesitated a moment and then, putting his tray down, bent over confidentially and asked Senator Hawley if he was a Northerner. On being informed that he came from New England, the colored man then, rolling his eyes, said inquiringly:

"Is you-all a friend of de colored man?"

On receiving an affirmative answer, he bent still lower and barely whispered:

"Den don't ask no questions 'bout dat chicken."

He often used to say that he owned a colored man once, but that all that he retained when he gave him his freedom was the man's title of Doctor of Divinity.

The case was that of the Rev. Dr. Pennington, who escaped from the South and came here before the war. When the Fugitive Slave law was passed, being afraid that he might be sent back, his friends here secured the cooperation of Mr. Hawley, then a partner in the law firm of Hooker & Hawley, to buy the black man.

Mr. Hawley corresponded with the owner of "Jim," but the Southerner wanted $1,000 for his slave, a sum which it was impossible to raise. The negro then went to Scotland, where, after studying some time, he obtained the honorary title of Doctor of Divinity from a Scottish university.

After the death of the owner of "Jim" Mr. Hawley went South and himself bought from the executor of the estate the freedom of the Rev. Dr. Pennington, the papers in the case being filed in this city.

Throughout his public career Senator Hawley was always conscious of his fault of forgetfulness, and when frequently taken to task for it by his friends he would plead guilty and promise to do better next time. He would often pass people on the street the day after dining with them and not show the first sign of recognition.

One of his Connecticut constituents who was a great admirer of him tells laughingly of making an appointment to meet Senator Hawley in Washington on business on the following day and going from this city thither, only to find when he reached Senator Hawley's home at the appointed time that the Connecticut Representative had gone off for several days of duck shooting.

Those who knew him intimately in his home assert that it was there that he was at his best. He was always a domestic man and preferred infinitely the quiet of an evening at home to any social affair on the calendar.

He was extremely fond of children and a story is told of his effort, about a quarter of a century ago, to adopt a child into his home. He was the close friend of a prominent Boston physician, to whom he confided his desire to have a little one in his house.

The doctor was connected with several institutions that cared for young children and finally selected a baby as suitable for the General. The latter went to Boston to see the child and was greatly pleased with it, describing it to his friends as healthy and handsome.

He arranged that the child should be put out to nurse and that he should visit it again in a few weeks. On his second trip with his friend to the place where he had left his adopted child he arrived just in time to learn of its sudden death that day.

He was so overcome by the shock and grief over the death of the infant that it was months before he recovered, sorrowing as much for the loss of the little one as though it had been his own child.

Years afterward a close friend of the Senator, who knew of the incident, visited him in Washington and was urged to remain until the Senator's family returned. As his eldest daughter entered the room she rushed over to where her father was sitting and, putting her arms about him, kissed him tenderly. The old soldier looked up at his friend and with a voice broken with feeling said:

"That's my girl, sir; that's my daughter."

Indomitable courage in his fight against disease characterized the closing days of Senator Hawley's life. When two years ago it was evident that his health was rapidly failing and he came back to his little summer home at Woodmont-by-the-Sea, he was still determined to fight a winning battle, with the sea air to aid him. Newspapers containing accounts of his illness were hidden from him, as any reference to his failing health tended to arouse him to an unwarranted tax on his strength to convince the sceptical that he was still himself. No reference was made by those of his household to his condition, and to a newspaper correspondent who happened to ask him how he was on one of his early morning walks he replied:

"I'm all right. What's all this talk about anyway? I'm not dead, don't you see that?" and turning on his heel he stalked away down the beach confident in his ability to conquer this last enemy and showing the same resourceful courage that he fought and conquered with forty years ago.

## *TOLD OF WELL KNOWN MEN.*

### Abstemious Supreme Court.

*From the Argonaut.*

During the time when the Supreme Court of the United States lived apart from the rest of the world, dining in a mess by itself, Justice Story was telling one day how abstemious he and his associates were, asserting that they drank wine only on rainy days. However, he tempered the latter statement as follows:

"What I say about wine, sir, gives you our rule, but it does sometimes happen that the Chief Justice will say to me when the cloth is removed: 'Brother Story, step to the window and see if it does not look like rain.' And if I tell him that the sun is shining, Chief Justice Marshall will sometimes reply: 'All the better; for our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory that the doctrine of chance makes it certain that it must be raining somewhere.'"

### Secretary That Looked the Part.

*From Harper's Weekly.*

The Hon. Amos Allen, the successor in the House of the late Thomas B. Reed, relates how the former Speaker once called upon the head of one of the Departments on a matter of official business. The Secretary was out, but a new private secretary, wearing his newly acquired honors somewhat haughtily, was there. "Can you tell me when the Secretary will return?" asked Reed.

"Really," answered the private secretary, unaware of the identity of the distinguished caller, "really, you know, I have no idea."

"Well," drawled Reed, "you look it!"

### Sultan as a Photographer.

*From Blackwood's Magazine.*

The great fault, or misfortune, perhaps, of the Sultan of Morocco has been his extravagance. He has spent, in the few years since he took up the reins of government, not only the whole revenue of his country, but also the savings of his predecessors.

Few of the things he bought gave him any pleasure. Photography amused him for a time. A camera of gold at £2,000 came from London; 10,000 francs' worth of photographic paper arrived in one day from Paris. His Majesty once informed me that his materials for one year cost him between £6,000 and £7,000.

### King of Italy Fond of Automobiling.

*From St. Nicholas.*

The chief diversion of Italy's sovereign at present is automobiling. It is not at all an unusual thing to meet him, with the Queen by his side, whizzing through the streets of Rome. On these occasions he looks very little like a King, being dressed in a manner suitable for such sport.

When he and the Queen are away in the summer, either at their home at Racconigi, in Piedmont, which is a family residence of the Princes of Savoy, or at the villa of San Rossore, near Pisa, they spend many hours in automobiles. The King owns several varieties of these vehicles.

It was when he was trying a new one entirely alone with the Queen last summer that the machine got beyond his control and the Queen's ankle was severely sprained. The King very humbly confessed that it was all his fault, and was devotion itself to her while she was obliged to stay indoors.

### J. Hamilton Lewis's Prince Albert.

*From the Washington Post.*

"In the days before I had any clients and when it stumped me to rustle up room rent, I got an invitation to pay a visit to my warm personal friend, Sam H. Piles, who was living in a small town at a short distance from Seattle," said Col. James Hamilton Lewis.

"I wanted to go very much, but was shy the cash that the railroad wanted for taking me, about $1.25, but this I finally borrowed of my esteemed friend, John H. McGraw, afterward Governor of the State, who is now in the national capital. I got a warm welcome from the future United States Senator, and he told me that there was something doing in the town—a dance on Saturday night, and a big revival meeting the next day. He wanted me to go to the dance, and was sorry he couldn't go along, but the fact was, he didn't have the right kind of a coat. Luckily, among my meagre possessions was a Prince Albert, and this I made him take by saying that I much preferred going to church the next day. It was hard work persuading him, but finally he took my coat and hied away to the ball. The next day it served me to attend worship, and so we were both happy."

### When Sir William Was Plain Bill.

*From Success.*

William C. Van Horne, one of the world's great railroad men, began his career as a telegraph operator in Chicago. He rapidly rose to high places in railroading, and in the early 80's he had attained such a reputation in the business that Lord Strathcona, the financier of the project to construct the Canadian Pacific Railway, selected the young American as general manager and chief of the building operations. He was so successful in this work and rendered such important service to the Dominion of Canada in pushing the railroad across her vast expanse to the Pacific Ocean that, in 1896, Queen Victoria knighted him. Preeminently endowed with common sense and humor, he is not the man to take his knightly honors too seriously. Shortly after receiving his title he exclaimed to a group of friends:

"This 'Sir William' business is very fine, but I'd like to hear what the boys down in Chicago will have to say about it. They used to call me just plain Bill."

### Judge Elkin's Oleomargarine Bill.

*From the Philadelphia Record.*

In illustrating a point to the effect that even the smallest duties should be performed with the same thoroughness as large ones John P. Elkin, Justice of the Supreme Court, reverted to an incident in his own life in an address recently.

During Mr. Elkin's first term as a legislator the farmers of Indiana county found the competition of oleomargarine was killing the sale of their butter. Among these farmers was Mr. Elkin's father. Elkin was elected to the Legislature, and basing a bill upon the assumption that the sale of oleomargarine was prejudicial to public health, the bill was passed and became a law, which was always upheld.

"And all this," he continued, "was because a young man's father could not sell his butter."

### Senator Bate's Punctuality in Letter Writing.

*From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

"Punctuality in letter writing is an important matter, and this statement is just as true of politics and politicians as it is in business," said a man who believes in promptly doing what one should do. "I am impelled to make this observation by a remembrance of the life trait of the late William B. Bate, United States Senator from Tennessee.

"Senator Bate was noted for the promptness with which he answered all letters, and he once told me that he attributed much of his political success to this fact. He regarded it as positively immoral for a man in public life to fail to answer a letter addressed to him by one of his constituents.

"It was a duty the man in public life owed those whom he served. 'What would you think of a man,' he once asked a friend, 'who would refuse to answer a question you put to him face to face—a man who would make no reply whatever? Would it not be an insult? Would you not resent it? I would. I believe any other self-respecting man would.' Failure or refusal to answer a polite courteous letter is just as bad."

# The Creole Artist, Henri Le Sidaner

London, March 24.—To say that a man is a Creole is possibly rather vague, as the word has different meanings in different countries, but if G. W. Cable's definition be accepted then Henri Le Sidaner is a Creole. He is of Breton blood and was born on the island of Mauritius in 1862. As a boy he went to France, and now he is rapidly gaining wide recognition as an artist of marked individuality and accomplishment.

In France Le Sidaner's work has become well known. His picture called "La Table à la Lampe" was purchased for the French nation three years ago, and last year the authorities of the Luxembourg gallery bought from the Salon a second picture, entitled "Le Dessert."

Here and there in various exhibitions, as mentioned more than once in The Sun,

HENRI LE SIDANER, THE CREOLE ARTIST.

a few works by Le Sidaner have appeared in this country, but it is only this spring that an assemblage of nearly fifty paintings and pastels has enabled Londoners to form an adequate notion of his talent. It is a loan collection, and has been got together by William Marchant & Co. of the Goupil Gallery, a gallery wherein works by three clever American artists—Mark Fisher, Frank Mura and Henry Muhrman—may often be seen.

If one must place Le Sidaner in relation to other artists he is somewhere between Corot and Claude Monet. He has affinities with both, and, as Lady Colin Campbell says in a "foreword" which she has written for the exhibition catalogue, "the hard headed Breton comes out in his absolute realism and simplicity and his faithfulness of drawing and detail; the languorous softness of the Creole is shown in his enveloping sense of beauty which gives mystery and poetry to the simplest scene he touches."

When he introduces figures prominently in his compositions—a rare occurrence—you may notice that they are not splendidly drawn. The drawing is not really much amiss, but this artist's first concern is with the light playing upon the surfaces of objects with the beauty of the phenomena rather than with their exact location.

To this point of view is due something that one must get used to in Le Sidaner's work, something that might seem an affectation. Perhaps it can be best explained by saying that if a man wearing glasses looked at one of his pictures—assuming it to be the first he had seen—he would take his glasses off and wipe them, supposing them to be slightly misty. All the pictures characteristic of the artist's present point of view—he had an earlier symbolistic phase—look slightly out of focus.

However, having rubbed your glasses or your eyes, and having become quite clear in your own mind as regards the objective and subjective, you forgive Le Sidaner his mannerism and realize that he is justified by his works. He shows you a new beauty in familiar things, a tender, intimate beauty, and in his subtle interplay of coloring there is no false note. He is an artist of distinguished taste and has the faculty of seeing easily a true pictorial effect.

This man will go into his garden and chance to see, under the trees by the wall of the house, a table not yet cleared after *déjeuner*. In the sunlight glinting amber through a wine bottle, in the glass and silver lying on the sun flecked table cloth, in the white chairs standing round about he sees a picture. And he paints it in a way that you will not forget. He seems to surprise things in a moment of rare beauty.

It may be that he sees this table in the evening, in the moonlight. There is the white cloth again, and on it a silver coffee pot, some cups, a sugar bowl and a vase of white chrysanthemums. Two chairs are pushed back from the table, and in the background glows a lighted window of the house.

Evidently the people have just left this table and gone indoors; and now, withdrawn from human gaze, these things have taken on their moment of rare beauty. But Le Sidaner is hidden somewhere close at hand, watching for this very moment; and he paints for you "La Table au Clair de Lune," a picture full of the beauty and poetry of a moonlit summer night.

It is in the rendering of effects of evening light that he excels, and lighted windows have for him something of the fascination that they had for Baudelaire, who wrote "*Il n'est pas d'objet plus profond, plus mystérieux, plus fécond, plus ténébreux, plus éblouissant qu'une fenêtre éclairée d'une chandelle.*" In fact, in the art of Le Sidaner, his fine sense of color and subtlety of expression, there is much that one may aptly compare with Baudelaire's fine taste in words and power of expressing subtleties. It must not, however, be understood that there is anything morbid or tainted about Le Sidaner, for he is as wholesome as any one could be.

Several of the pictures have been painted at Bruges, and in these, of course, it is the dead city that the artist sees, "Bruges la Morte," and not the rather cheery little place that one usually finds Bruges to be. Beauvais, Gravelines and Chartres are other places in which Le Sidaner has found inspiration, and at Gisors he painted a charming picture called "Le Petit Pont de Fer," showing gay autumnal foliage showering down toward a moat crossed by a little iron bridge that leads up to an ancient iron gate.

There are some snow scenes, beautifully rendered, and it is in these that the artist reminds one most of Claude Monet. But, as was said, it is as a painter of the evening light, of silence and tranquility, that Le Sidaner excels; and his pictures are so delicate, so serene, so far removed from self-advertisement and hustle, that one marvels that their qualities should have met with any recognition in the artist's lifetime.

At the present time Le Sidaner's best works would be no bad investment. There are not yet very many buyers.